

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

S. M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor

The Bloomfield Record.
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Devoted to Local and General News, Choice Family Reading, First-class Advertising.

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POST OFFICE, Broad street, H. Dodd, P. M. Mails arrive at 8:45 A.M. and 5:45 P.M. Mail close at 4 P.M. and 5 P.M. Letters from New York and Boston, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Fronten street, Rev. D. Kennedy, D. D. Pastor. Services Sunday at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Sunday School after Morning Service.

CHRIST CHURCH (Episcopal) Liberty St., Rev. Mr. Danier, Rector. Services Sunday 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Sunday School 2:30 P.M.

BLOOMFIELD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, On the Park, Rev. H. W. Miller, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Sunday School after morning service.

METH. EPIC. CHURCH, Broad Street, Rev. H. Spellman, Pastor. Services Sunday 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Sunday School 2:30 P.M.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Rev. J. Emslie, Pastor. Services 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Sunday School at 9 A.M.

BAPTIST CHURCH, Franklin St., Rev. Dr. Stabbert, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.

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TOWNSHIP COMMITTEE. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays each month, over Madison's Market.

COLLECTOR ON TAXES. Mr. Campbell, Residence, Washington's street. Office over Madison's Market.

JUSTICE'S COURT—Over Madison's Market. Wm. R. Hall, Justice.

OVERSEER OF POOR. J. M. Walker, Residence, Morris Place.

Scissorisms.

—“Shear” nonsense—Clipping jokes.

—Trance-migration of soles—Sleep walking.

—The coldest Western settler—the evening sun.

—A man with a big nose isn't always handsome but he's nobly.

—The trees have undressed and stand shivering in their bare limbs.

—The three ruling powers of to-day are the Press, the Pulpit and the Petticoat.

—“The one thing needed for the perfect enjoyment of love is confidence.” Same with hash and sardines.

—A postmaster not far off put up a sign as follows: “Postage stamps sold, but not licked.”

Oakes Ames' son has bought a railroad, and his next hereditary trait will be to buy a congress.

—A philosopher has discovered that men don't object to being overrated, except by the assessor.

—It has been proposed to change the name of New London, the centre for the whaling trade, to “Sperm City.”

—The Supreme Court of Ohio has just decided that sending a due to a man on a postal card is unlawful—as well as saucy.

—A debating society had under consideration the question: “Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?” The decision arrived at was, “No; but impossible.”

—John Frode is no more. You probably didn't know him. He lived in Western Missouri, and on entering the smoke house of a friend to see how the hams got along a trap-gun blew his head off.

—The “Sons of Chan” stand shoulder to shoulder, and sleep酣e by jowl. If they should not save their bacon—in this way, and make both ends meet, they would be chopped into sausages.

—The Chicago lake winds are severe. An Eastern man says he has known them to blow the shell off a clam. If that was not a clamorous wind it must be admitted to have been a b-oysterous breeze.

—“Which is Grant?” said a six-foot Texan when the Presidential party was in the Indian Territory. The Chief Magistrate was pointed out to him. He then took a look at Sheridan, Augur, Babcock and the rest, and exclaimed: “Give me five dollars and I'll clean out the whole party.”

—A Mississippi boatman with immense feet stopping at a public house on the levee asked the porter for a bootjack to pull off his boots. The colored gentleman, after examining the stranger's feet, broke out as follows: “No jack here big nuff for dem feet. Jackass couldn't pull 'em off, massa, widout fracturin' de leg.” Yuse better go back about three miles to de fork in de road ad pull 'em off dar.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1874.

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MISS HASELBROOK.

By “JOHN.”

It was on a dark, cheerless December afternoon that I first saw Miss Haselbrook. There was a strong east wind, I remember, that threatened a storm, and I buttoned my overcoat closely around my throat as I closed the door of my office, and walked briskly up the quiet street in the direction of my home. By home I mean Mrs. Porter's boarding house, corner of Main and Washington streets, city of B—, which was all the home I had, being alone in the world, and a bachelor. I was an editor then, and am still, for that matter, a busy, hard-working editor, striving to serve to the best of my ability the great restless public, that seemed slow to appreciate my toil in its behalf. Yet I had no reason to complain, for I could feel, as I sat in the little back office of the *Messenger*, with an old steel pen between my fingers, that I was doing the work for which nature had fitted me, that I had found my place in the world. I felt very happy as I walked homeward on that December evening so long ago, with a strong east wind blowing fresh in my face. Things had gone well during the day, new advertisements had come in, an exchange had given me a friendly notice, and the copy of the *Messenger* protruding from my pocket contained an editorial written in my very best vein. I remember how gaily I ran up the steps when I reached Mrs. Porter's.

I know I felt quite in a writing mood, and thought as I entered my room that it was just the evening to finish a certain article I had commenced for a well-known magazine. I believe I went down to tea little earlier than usual after the bell rang; the walk in the wind had given me an appetite, at any rate. I was almost alone at the table, and did not look up when the door opened to admit a new comer, until Mrs. Porter said, “Take a seat, Miss Haselbrook,” and a lady sat down directly opposite. “A new boarder,” I said to myself, and quietly raised my eyes. She certainly was not pretty. Dark brown hair, simply coiled around a small, well-shaped head, beautifully arched eyebrows, a broad, unusually handsome forehead, rather large nose and mouth, although the latter was very expressive, and a pale, rather sallow complexion. “By no means handsome,” was my verdict, after several stolen glances. And yet, there was something about Miss Haselbrook that attracted me in spite of myself.

Being a bachelor, I was somewhat fastidious as regarded women. It had always seemed to me that a woman's place was at home. That women made good teachers, seamstresses, dressmakers, I admitted; they might succeed in any such feminine employment, but when they attempted to usurp us in our various professions, when a woman became a lawyer, a doctor, a journalist, or worse than all, mounted the platform, then I was in the habit of a writing with emphasis, “she unseated herself.” Literary women I despised. The few I had known, it so happened, were certainly not pretty.

Never, I was accustomed to declare, would I marry a literary woman. I wanted a wife who was a good housekeeper, who knew how to make home pleasant, and who could talk of something besides books and papers, when I came home at night tired to death of such subjects as these. My wife must be a gentle, sweet, affectionate woman, intelligent, yet anxious to impress others with a sense of her superior learning, modest and retiring, finding her chief pleasure in making home happy. Tell-tale ink stains should never be seen on her pretty fingers; woman's rights' meetings, she should regard with righteous indignation; voting she should look upon with horror. I remember feeling thankful, as I looked at Miss Haselbrook, that she had not the appearance of a literary woman. I watched her covertly as she quietly sipped her tea, stirring it daintily the while. Her hands were simply beautiful. Small, white, with tapering fingers, and rosy nails. One seldom sees a really pretty hand. Small hands are common, but they may be red and rough; there are many white hands, with very long fingers; hands both small and white are sometimes seen, but they are sure to have square nails. A white, small, well-shaped hand, with tapering fingers and rosy nails are rare, hold. I think Miss Haselbrook was what women call stilly. She wore that evening a plain black dress, and a black velvet basque, with only a soft white ruche at her throat, yet she seemed to me more dressed than any other lady at the table. She hardly spoke during the meal, except to say “thank you,” in a low, sweet voice, when anything was passed her. She joined us in the parlor after tea, and soon I found myself beside her, chatting pleasantly upon various subjects, quite as though we were old friends. I discovered that she was fond of music, also; that she sang a little, and soon, at my earnest request, she seated herself before the old piano, played over softly a simple prelude, then quietly began to sing. Now I love music passionately, really good music gives me exquisite

pleasure, and I was especially fond of singing, seldom heard at Mrs. Porter's. Miss Haselbrook's voice was not very powerful but exceedingly sweet and clear. It did not show much cultivation, but every word was articulated distinctly, and she seemed to possess the faculty of entering into the spirit of the song with all her soul. Only a little German melody, a quaint old-fashioned ballad, yet sung with such infinite expression that it lingered in the memory of my hearers long after more ambitious efforts were forgotten. I think the execution of a difficult, prolonged trial was quiet beyond Miss Haselbrook's ability, yet when she chose, she could move her listeners to tears by her singing. Trills and quavers are well enough in their way, but expression is far more important after all. Together they make a perfect whole. I said something like this to Miss Haselbrook, and was glad to find that she agreed with me perfectly. In fact, our opinions upon various subjects were remarkably similar, which was pleasant, to say the least. I dislike to argue with a woman, they never yield an iota. How delightfully was spent that stormy evening in December!

And it was the first of many more to follow. I look back upon that winter as one of the happiest of my whole life. Miss Haselbrook seldom left the house during the day, except for a short walk, perhaps, but staid quietly in her room, sewing or reading, I presumed, and in the evening made her appearance, perfectly dressed, pleasant, smiling, attractive as usual. She was one of the most intelligent women I had ever met. She had read almost everything, it seemed to me. I could not speak of a book, new or old, but that she had either read it or could tell something about it. Now, I had always considered myself pretty well versed in general literature; but I soon discovered, to my dismay, that I must be careful when talking of books before Miss Haselbrook, as she was capable of correcting any mistakes I might make. Really, she had read more than was necessary for any woman to read—so I used to think—but, then, I supposed she had little else to do, staying in the house as she did, and after all, I liked to meet an intelligent woman, provided she was not too conscious of her superior knowledge, and did not monopolize the conversation. Miss Haselbrook was *truly* a woman among a thousand, interesting, attractive, yet modest without, accomplished, talented, yet not a blue stocking. Of this last I had become thoroughly convinced. I admired her exceedingly the first evening we met, and I have answered, “Dear, as a warning to others,” and she laughs softly, and says she will go and see if “baby is awake.” —Demorest's Monthly.

Patch-Work.

- For a wedding song—Love knot.
- Montana is very short of women.
- Sweets for the ill tempered—Tart sayings.
- Light headed women are not necessarily blondes.
- Why was Ruth very rude to Boaz? Because she pulled his ears and trol on his corn.
- A young lady says long for fingers like the prongs of a pitchfork, with diamond rings enough to fill them to the ends.
- “Halo” bonnets are considered the prettiest now. They are a fac-simile in velvet of a dishpan with a brim.
- There is no excuse now for bridal parties not going to Europe. The Inn and other lines adverse to travel, “but what I want to see beyond that horizon.”
- Wedding fees are said to rank low this year; prudent belli, “but what I want to see beyond that horizon.”
- “The honeymoon is well enough,” said a prudent belle, “but what I want to see beyond that horizon.”
- Modistes are becoming alarmed. So many ladies make their own dresses! What shall we do? Lower our prices, mesdames.

—The latest Paris murderer, aged 19, confesses to have committed the crime to buy herself a new dress. This isn't dressing to kill exactly.

—There are more kid gloves sold in New York than in any other city in the world, gloves to the value of \$10,000 being annually bought by dealers in that city.

—There is a new fringe for trimming ball and party dresses called seaweed fringe. It resembles seaweed very much, and is very pretty, besides being unique.

—You can tell home-made bonnets this season by the way the material is put on the frame. Unless even and perfectly smooth on top it comes off from the milliner.

—There is no foolishness about courting in Switzerland. There no girl is allowed to break her marriage engagement unless her lover loses both legs; and then her excuse is considered a lame one.

—Wedding invitations are now issued on the legal note sheet, the text being engraved in script lengthwise. No initial, crest or monograms are used either on the note sheet or envelope. Everything is plain and simple, bordering on economy.

—Some of our wealthiest people are feeling the hard times keenly. A lady yesterday declined to pay more than \$175 for a velvet cloak, on the ground that there were so many poor laboring people out of employment and needing the necessities of life.

—At a recent concert in Liverpool Adelina Patti sang a waltz called “La Diva,” which was resounding, and when it was over the Duke of Edinburgh jumped on to the stage and taking both hands of the cantress's hands in his, shook them heartily in the presence of the whole audience, which of course screamed with delight.

—“Why?” she asked, quietly.

—“Why? Oh, because they are always strong-minded; want to vote, and all that sort of thing, and bore you to death talking

Miss M. to Brad

Fashions in Furs.

Winter has tarried somewhat on his way, but he has come with the last days of November and the chill blasts of the cutting wind send us shivering along the streets and bid us armor ourselves in panoply of furs. Now is the season to lay aside our fall clothes and deck ourselves in the spoils of the hunter and so we shall tell our readers what to wear in furs.

SEAL SKIN.

Winter has tarried somewhat on his way, but he has come with the last days of November and the chill blasts of the cutting wind send us shivering along the streets and bid us armor ourselves in panoply of furs. Now is the season to lay aside our fall clothes and deck ourselves in the spoils of the hunter and so we shall tell our readers what to wear in furs.

As has been the case for several seasons, the fur, in most immediate regard, is that of the seal. The handsomest and most costly skins are those from the South Shetland Isles; but when quality with cost is considered, the preference must be accorded the skin of the Alaska seal—more beautiful for the amount demanded, and more generally purchased.

A set of seal skin consists of a sacque or jacket, a muff and boas, a cap or turban, and gloves.

Seal skin sacques are longer than those of last winter, measuring now from twenty-six to thirty-two inches, and are slightly shaped to the figure in the back. They are single or double breasted with full easy sleeves. Trimmed seal sacques are more dressy than plain ones; these have a wide border, cuffs, and collar of some other rich fur, such as sable, unplied otter, fisher tail, silver fox, chinchilla, beaver, or black marten.

ASTRAKHAN FURS.

Those who are more economically inclined will invest in the black curled furs known under the general name of Astrakhan. They are now so reduced in price as to come within range of most modest purses. Good sacques of the Russian lamb-skin are sold for \$30, the black Persian sacques of fine quality cost \$45 or \$50, while those of the fine silken Persian that resemble moire antelope \$100. A bon and muff of the Russian lamb-skin cost from \$6 to \$12; made of the finer black Persian, they cost from \$15 to \$20.

It was very late when I retired that night, I remember. I sat thinking before the fire until almost morning. It was after my third cigar that I leaned back in my chair and gazed thoughtfully in the smouldering coals.

“John Worthington,” I said to myself, “John, old boy, you're in love with a literary woman.”

As I write these words, a soft white hand, with a tiny ink-stain on one tapering finger, the hand of my wife, is laid upon my shoulder, and a sweet voice says, reproachfully, “How could you write it all down, John?” I have answered, “Dear, as a warning to others,” and she laughs softly, and says she will go and see if “baby is awake.” —Demorest's Monthly.

PATCH-Work.

—For a wedding song—Love knot.

—Montana is very short of women.

—Sweets for the ill tempered—Tart sayings.